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THE TRUE LIGHT.

A Poem.

"Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the Light of the world."
St. John, vii. 12.

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TO THE

REV. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, A. M.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF HIS KINDNESS, AND AS A TOKEN OF

RESPECT AND FRIENDSHIP,

THIS POEM

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withdrawn
~~117605~~

THE TRUE LIGHT.

I.

"Let there be Light":—and o'er the waters' face
The golden ripples flash'd in bright array.
"Let there be Light":—and Earth's chaotic base
Was lit for order on her primal day.
Soon strode the Giant Sun his royal way:
Soon smiled the Moon to greet her glitt'ring band:
Fast fell the liquid Stars through space away,
As drops o'erflow'd from brimming urns that stand,
Fill'd with perennial Beauty, close at God's right hand.

II.

New chaos rests on man's demolish'd soul:
New darkness reigns within his shatter'd mind:
Hoarse waves of Passion, bursting all control,
Now rage and toss before each sensual wind.
"Let there be Light":—and God with man combined
In awful oath, His morning star to send;
A 'Sun of Righteousness' for man to find,
With glorious rays the soul's thick night to rend,
And rainbow tints of Hope o'er every cloud to blend.

III.

As soft and gentle as the trembling note
That forms the prelude to some richer strain:
As calm and clear as rosy clouds that float
In morning's skies where comes the sun again:
So gleam'd the Promise o'er the soul's broad plain
That heralded the day of man's new birth.
Bright harbinger of that triumphant reign
Which Christ should 'stablish for his Saints on earth,
While angels shout in joy the great Redeemer's worth.

IV.

A Light flow'd backward from th' accursed tree,
That yet should rise on Calv'ry's quaking hill,
Spreads o'er th' internal world and conscious sea,
A harbinger of Hope, and God's good will.
Small was the stream at first, as when the rill
With struggles bursts the mountain's harsh embrace,
Yet louder shout the waves as nearer still,
With growing strength, and ever quick'ning pace,
They draw to ocean's home, and swell the wat'ry race.

V.

Nor yet all light, nor yet all peace for man;
In sin's dread battle must his Will contend,
Far o'er the plain, its Leader's course to scan,
And to His constant Law obedient bend.
Far do the warriors' shouts their echoes send,
Which roll along the various paths of Life:
Fierce clash the swords as hostile shields they rend:
Fierce swell the cries that stir the angry strife,
As mortal souls essay the battle-field of Life.

VI.

They strive for Truth;—the Soul's internal Light;
The Face of God obscured by man's sad fall;
The Soul's accord all crush'd by Satan's might;[1]
Its heavenly music muffled by a pall;
The Beautiful, where God is all in all,
Since Beauty is but 'Oneness' in the whole;
Th' eternal Light that, at th' Almighty's call,
Through fairest Eden its bright floods did roll,
And fill'd with *innate joys* Man's thinking loving Soul.

VII.

The Earth is curtained round with folds of night:
The murmuring tempest wails along the lea:
The Powers of Air are marshalling their might
To witness Nature's awful mystery.
The opening skies and fountains of the sea
Pour forth their waters and entomb the Earth;
But Justice yields to Mercy's tender plea—
Binds o'er the world the rain-bow's mystic girth,
And grants to men the sign of Nature's second birth.

VIII.

Hope's pledge appear'd, when seven at Noah's side
Knelt 'round the altar rear'd of unhewn stone:
It curl'd the smoke Moriah's pile supplied
When Abraham came to offer up his son:[2]
'Twas writ in blood the Hebrew's door upon,
When Death's black pinions swept o'er Egypt's land:
It wrought salvation when the Serpent shone,
In brazen coils, above the Desert's sand:
And when through Jordan's waves went Israel's wand'ring band.

IX.

Tradition's Phantoms fill'd th' Egyptian mind;
A subtle science formed their mental store—
Th' influence hidden that impell'd the wind—
The force unseen by which the Earth still wore
Her verdant robe,—the waters on the shore,
The sleepless guards that watch the bounds of space—
Eternal Fire whose life is evermore;
Each cleansing wand'ring souls in every place.[3]
Such Science Moses learn'd when captive with his race.

X.

In the dim East, beneath its dreamy sky,
From his lone cave peers forth the mystic Sage,
And sees his God, with Fancy's color'd eye,
Reveal Himself in Nature's every page:
The same, yet changing still from age to age;
The Essence Infinite in form enshrined;
The Lord, now thund'ring in the tempest's rage—
The Father now, in gentle zephyrs kind;
The all-embracing Pan—the all-informing mind.

XI.

A Protean Light, it fill'd the Grecian's hall:
A languid flame it burnt on Altars wide:
It sparkling fell where Indus' waters fall;
And blanch'd the Lotus on the Nile's broad tide.
In China's Reason did its force abide;
The Hebrews' Will lay conquer'd by its power;
In India's Visions did its beauty hide;
By its fixt lines did Egypt's Science tower;[4]
On all its influence fell unseen, a mystic shower.

XII.

At length the 'Sun of Righteousness' arose,
Light, Life and Immortality to bring.
Fast flees the night;—the stars their eyelids close,
While Heaven's angelic hosts break forth and sing,
And Earth prolongs the joy re-echoing,
"Glory to God on High, on Earth be Peace:
Good Will to Men appears with Heaven's High King."
Let ne'er from mortal tongues the Anthem cease,
But as still Time grows old, so let its powers increase.

XIII.

The Church went forth. Endued with sovereign right
Man's Will to curb—she stood on Earth confess'd:
And haughty Kings, and Tyrants in their might,
Bent to her Law, and to her service press'd.
By ransom'd serfs her Holy Name was bless'd;[5]
Kings saw their subjects mild with filial fear;
The State's foundations found in her their rest;
For all were born to her, and all were dear,
And where her Witness came, Christ's Presence did appear.

XIV.

Where License reign'd, and Lust held boundless sway,
Now 'rose the sacred walls of each dear home;
The resting-place for man in Life's long day;
The Heaven-lit place where holiest angels come;
The tie that binds all kindred hearts in one;
The golden link where Love and Law unite;
Key-note of Life that spreads through Life its tone;
Celestial ray that ever grows more bright,
Till in th' Eternal Morn it blends with Heaven's clear Light.

XV.

As thousand sparks that from one altar fly,
Spread o'er the heath, and glisten in the shade;
So when Philosophy's two founts[6] ran dry,
As Faith's one Temple 'rose in light arrayed,
Up sprung a thousand homes for Science made;
Bright glow'd a thousand minds by Faith impress'd;
Wiser grew man, as more in fear he pray'd,
Aroused by Truth's bright day from slumb'rous rest,
While Night's last stars sank dim'd beyond the distant West.

XVI.

The 'Age of Fathers' near the Gospel dawn
Now spreads its treasures wrought from Wisdom's mines.
St. Jerome glows o'er Bethlem's shepherd lawn;[7]
St. Ambrose sings 'Te Deum's' wondrous lines;[8]
Meek Nonna's holy son for quiet pines,
And seeks his Nazianzum's filial rest;[9]
Augustine writes where 'royal Hippo'[10] shines;
And 'adamantine Origen'[11] a nest
Would by God's altar make for Plato's spirit blest.

XVII.

False Arius wars on Alexandria's plains,
The faithless son of Paul's and Lucian's age;[12]
And Christ once more endures His cross's pains,
And swells once more the blinded heathens' rage.
Clear rings the clarion note, the battle gage,
Of him, the youth of Nice's Council hall;
His, who of Christ adorns th' historic page,
As ever ready or to rise or fall,
For Truth's dear sake, and Him, who dying, saved us all.

XVIII.

How deep the quiet of yon white-walled home,[13]
Where hides his lamp the hooded Cenobite;
It tops the sea of hills—a wreath of foam,
Which, 'mid surrounding gloom, alone gives light.
There ready pens God's chronicles re-write;
There floats, at morn and noon and eve, the prayer,
That man shall cease his brother man to smite—
Shall learn to flee the world's deep hidden snare,
And still by works of love, Christ's wondrous love declare.

XIX.

Oh! 'mid the jarrings of this fretful life,
When violence alone held rule without;
When intercourse with man was constant strife,
And gentle spirits *felt* each mocking shout.
What wonder, then, that such should seek them out,
As tired doves, some mountain's calm retreat;
And there, on Nature's high and wild redoubt,
With all the world far, far beneath their feet,
Should, on devotion's wings, with loving zeal compete.

XX.

Sweet were the quiet of each lowly cell
Where Love and Peace their constant arms entwine;
Hid from the world in some fair, flowery dell
Where spring the Rose, the Lily, and the Vine
Whose hanging bells waft incense at the shrine
Of morn and evening prayer,—were such the place
Prescribed by God Himself for duty's line:—
But most grows up each holy Christian grace,
When Man goes forth like Him—the Pattern of our race.

XXI.

Is he the wise, who skill'd in mental lore,
Can chase the comet through its devious way?
Is he the wise, who can the depths explore
Of human art—the wisdom of to-day?
Is it not he, who in the Soul's deep play—
The silent speech that flows from heart to heart,
Is all well learn'd; who knows each spirit-ray
Lighting the world; and who, when others start,
Has touch'd the golden goal, for which they scarce depart?

XXII.

In olden times men saw the angels' forms—
Bright ministers array'd in shining light;
These shone relieved against Life's constant storms,
And passed as heavenly rays through Nature's night.
But now the Church is 'stablish'd in Her might:[14]
Nature and Man are won and born again:—
A spirit-life is given to all by right:
And though for plumed wings we look in vain,
Yet e'en Beauty thus must all its hidden Life explain.[15]

XXIII.

The flowers are dank with evening's sleepy dew,
Those "silent hymns" that bless our pilgrim way;
The earnest stars peer forth from Heaven's deep blue;
And Nature bends, in loveliness, to pray.
Mists curtain 'round the earth with folds of grey,
Rock'd to its rest by unseen angels' hands;—
Sprites from their airy caverns forth essay,
And voyage t' explore all distant spirit-lands;—
Man on Life's sea-side way alone in silence stands.

XXIV.

His feet are wet by waves that round him break
Along the shore of Life's resounding sea;
Fann'd are his cheeks by airs that first awake
In the fair vales of vast Eternity.
Why are his eyes so dim he cannot see
The Infinite near breaking into sight—
A bursting bud all struggling to be free,
To spread its charms beneath the morning light,
And show what loveliness was wrapt in folds of night.

XXV.

A new Light rests on earth, as when in heaven
A sailing cloud unveils the glorious sun:—
A new force acts on man—a hallowing leaven
Through all Society's vast breadth has run.
No more lewd nightly orgies are begun:
No more vain Gods are praised on sensual lyres:
The Oracles' false babblings now are done:
Quench'd on a thousand altars are their fires:
A holier flame within exalts man's high desires.

XXVI.

Clear chime the bells beneath each Sabbath's skies,
Whose changing clouds seem reverently to move.
Up from each Fane the heart-struck chords arise
Beneath the gentle hand of Christ's dear love.
Soft winds, the fannings of the Spirit's Dove,
Float round the world with whisperings of peace;
And holiest angels for a season rove
On earth with men; and men's sad longings cease,
While Heaven's fair plains above their distance vast decrease.

XVII.

How strange that man should God's best plans derange,
Yet to the lustful Will the Church he bound:
Long years went by, each bringing in some change,
'Till 'neath One Despot's heel the world was ground.
Oh! where shall light arise—where help be found?
Hark! the brave shout that shakes the world's ribb'd frame;
See Wickliffe's ashes borne the world around;[16]
See England's might reviving from her shame;
See the long-buried sparks fast kindling into flame.

XXVIII.

This Gift original came forth from One;
The kind intent was with His image press'd;[17]
Its holy source—the light with which it shone—
By Unity the Church alway confess'd.
God is all Truth; and Truth as One is bless'd:—
Is God confusion? can His Mind be so?
Can Truth and hostile Truth His work attest?
'Tis but in man that contradictions grow,
And God's fair work is marr'd, when selfish passions glow.

XXIX.

Shame on false Rome! that broke the golden tie[18]
That bound in Christ the Christian world as one;
A cloud obscuring an unclouded sky
That clasp'd its living vault o'er Greek and Hun.
The East fled back beneath her Orient Sun,
Loth to abase her four cathedral domes:
The West, all union by the fray undone,
In part thrust out from Trent's communion roams:[19]
But dwells the ark of God with England's happier homes.

XXX.

Shame on the Sects! that break the mystic light,
Scatt'ring its rays through clouds of dark'ning Will;
With tapers groping in the Vale of Night,
While blaze bright beacons on the Church's hill.
All broken is our Christ, and bruised still
By lawless hands, and in the house of friends.
Fast dry the streams of each long sourceless rill,
To which Life's fountain ne'er its waters lends,
While still with less'ning tide its lonely course it wends.

XXXI.

Still let Faith conquer, though oppress'd by Sight;
Christ's Word stands sure—as sure as Heaven's high hill.
Yet Hate shall yield to Love, and dark to Light;
And Soul's shall live as pulses of God's Will.
Still frowns the morn—the noon is distant still;
But Christ, our Sun, most surely shines above;
E'en now His rays yon high Empyrean fill;
Felt is His power wherever mortals move,
And man is not what man would be without His Love.

* * * * * *

XXXII.

Years have flown by. Old Earth is known no more:
Sun, moon and stars, are all forever fled;
No longer clouds are heavy on the shore,
Where wander'd man, the dying 'mid the dead.
All tears are dried—all groans forever sped;
All Sorrow, Death, and Pain are passed away:
Dried is the sea—true type of conflicts dread:
The Saints are full, nor need they more to pray—
"The Lamb" their all in all—and Heaven's Eternal Day.

XXXIII.

Where sprang the thorn, there blooms the blushing rose;
Where the rank weed, the Lily bends its head:
The Beasts of prey no longer are as foes—
Their mottled troops by childhood's hands are led.
From hill and vale the mists of doubt are fled:
Joy bursts from earth, and rings the new-made sky:
Man's latest Foe himself lies crush'd and dead:
The Crucified sits throned 'mid clouds on high,
And bows Creation's self before His Majesty.

NOTES.

NOTES.

1. "Besides it cannot have been the original constitution of man's mind to be thus a prey to manifold dissention, and split as it were into pieces and quartered. This discord is undoubtedly, in the true meaning of the word a fact, the only one which every individual can vouch for on the immediate and independent testimony of his own experience. For the cause of this well authenticated fact, we have only to look to that event which revelation has made known, of which each man must perceive the sad traces within his own heart. It began with that eclipse of the soul which preceded and commenced the present state of man, and was occasioned by the intervention of a foreign body between it and the sun which gave it light. But if the soul, the thinking as well as the loving soul, be the centre of consciousness, then in this great and general darkening of the centre, the entire sphere, in its whole essence and structure, must have been altered. . . . . Thus, then, the whole human consciousness is filled with unmitigated discord and division, not merely in its mixed rational and sensuous or terrestrial and spiritual nature, but thought itself is at issue with life. And moreover while in the thought the internal and the external, faith and science, are involved in a hostile contrariety, disturbing and destroying each other, so is it also in life with the finite and infinite, the transitory and the imperishable." —*Schlegel*, Phil. of Life, p. 96.

2. Vid. 'Pearson on the Creed'—Art. iv. pp. 303–4. Am. ed.

3. These lines refer to the trial by the elements which all candidates for admission to the Egyptian Arcanæ were compelled to undergo. They were typical of the final conquest of Spirit over Matter; which conquest would bring the possession of all knowledge. "On exerçoit," says Dupuis, "les recipiendaires, pendant plusieurs jours, a traverser, a la nage, une grande étendue d'eau. On les y jettoit, et ce n'etoit qu'avec peine qu'ils s'en retiroient. On appliquoit le fer et le feu sur leurs membres. On les faisoit passer a travers les flammes." The aspirants were often in considerable danger, and Pythagoras, we are told, nearly lost his life in the trials.

4. Vid., Schlegel, *Phil.,of Hist. Sec.* 5.

5. "She combated with much perseverance and pertinacity the great vices of the social condition, particularly slavery. It has been frequently asserted that the abolition of slavery in the modern world must be altogether carried to the credit of Christianity. I believe this is going too far: slavery subsisted for a long time in the bosom of Christian society, without much notice being taken of it—without any great outcry against it. To effect its abolition, required the co-operation of several causes—a great developement of new ideas, of new principles of civilization. It cannot, however, be denied that the Church employed its influence to restrain it; the clergy in general, and especially several Popes, enforced the manumission of their slaves as a duty

incumbent upon laymen, and loudly inveighed against the scandal of keeping Christians in bondage. Again, the greater part of the forms by which slaves were set free, at various epochs, are founded upon religious motives. It is under the impression of some religious feeling—the hopes of the future, the equality of all Christian men, and so on—that the freedom of the slave is granted, These, it must be confessed, are rather convincing proofs of the influence of the Church, and of her desire for the abolition of this evil of evils, this iniquity of iniquities!"

"The Church did not labor less for the improvement of civil and criminal legislation."—*Guizot*, 'Hist. of Civilization,' p. 132.

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6. The Oriental and the Greek Philosophies. The first embracing the speculations of India, China, Persia, Chaldea, Phœnicia, and Egypt:—the second, the Greek systems from Thales and Pythagoras down to the time of Sextus Empiricus, about A. D. 200.

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7. "When withering blasts of error swept the sky,
And Love's last flower seem'd fain to droop and die,
How sweet, how lone the ray benign
On shelter'd nooks of Palestine!
Then to this early home did Love repair,
And cheer'd his sickening heart with his own native air."
'*Christian Year*'—Advent Sunday.

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8. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, was for a long time supposed to be, in part, author of the 'Te Deum.' It was reported to have been miraculously framed by himself and St. Augustine, at the baptism of the latter. Bishop Usher found it in two MSS. ascribed to Nicettus, Bishop of Triers, who lived about the year 535. However, St. Ambrose is so connected with the hymns of the early Church—from whom almost all came to be called Ambrosiani, because that by him they were spread over the Latin Church—that it may be permitted in poetry to ascribe to his pen this hymn of hymns. For the true authorship of the 'Te Deum,' see *Bingham*, Orig. Eccl. B. xiv. c. ii. 9.

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9. Gregory was born about the year 325, and was the son of Gregory, Bishop of Nazianzum, in Cappadocia. His mother Nonna, like the mother of Samuel, devoted her son to the Lord before he was born. His education was begun at Cæsarea in Cappadocia, continued at Cæsarea in Palestine, and at Alexandria, and completed at Athens, at the age of 30, A. D. 355. In 361, his father compelled him to receive ordination as a Presbyter, and the next year he preached his first sermon. In the year 372, he was offered the Bishopric of Sasima by Archbishop Basil, whose friendship he had won while at Athens. This he refused. He afterwards consented to be ordained as assistant to his aged father, on condition of not being obliged to succeed him. After the death of his father, in 374, he retired to Seleucia, and spent three years in obscurity. In 379, being pressed beyond the power of resistance, he went to Constantinople to preach to the remnant of the orthodox there. His success in converting the Arians was here very great; and he was so popular, that the General Council of Constantinople, and the Emperor Theodorus, constrained him to accept the patriarchal chair of that metropolis. But before the Council rose, it being objected to him, that it was irregular for a Bishop to be transferred from one See to another, he gladly resigned. Returning to Nazianzum, he discharged the Episcopal functions here for a short time, but soon retired once more to his obscure solitude of Cappadocia. Vid *Mosheim*, iv. ii. ii. 9.

In Cappadocia he spent the remainder of his life, about eight years, in the exercises of poetry and devotion. "The title of Saint has been added to his name; but the tenderness of his heart, and the elegance of his genius, reflect a more pleasing lustre on the memory of Gregory Nazianzen."—*Gibbon's Dec. and Fall*, vol. iii. p. 91.

10. Royal Hippo—'Hippo Regius,' now Bona in Algiers.

11. "Origines, ob incredibiles, quos tum studiorum tum religionis causa sustinuit labores, Adamantius dictus, ..."—*Cave*, Hist. Literar. Origen applied the Platonic philosophy to all parts of the Christian Doctrine. Vid. *Neander*, vol. I. pp. 693–711.

12. "Ye are not ignorant," writes Alexander of Alexandria to the Constantinopolitan Church, "concerning Arianism, that this rebellious doctrine belongs to Ebion and Artemas, and is in imitation of Paulus of Samosata, Bishop of Antioch, who was deprived by the sentence of the Bishops assembled in Council from all quarters. Paul was succeeded by Lucian, who remained in excommunication for many years, during the time of three Bishops. . . . Our present heretics have drunk up the dregs of their impiety, and are their secret offspring."—*Theodoret*, Hist. 1. 4.

13. "Record we too, with just and faithful pen,
That many hooded Cenobites there are,
Who in their private cells have yet a care
Of public quiet; unambitious men,
Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken;
Whose fervent exhortations from afar
Move Princes to their duty, peace or war;
And oft-times in the most forbidding den
Of solitude, with love of science strong,
How patiently the yoke of thought they bear!
How subtly glide its finest threads along!
Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere
With mazy boundaries, as the astronomer
With orb and cycle girds the starry throng."

Wordsworth, 'Ecclesiastical Sonnets.'

"They well deserved their popularity. Wherever Monasteries were founded, marshes were drained, or woods cleared, and wastes brought into cultivation; the means of subsistence were increased by improved agriculture, and by improved horticulture new comforts were added to life. The humblest as well as the highest pursuits were followed in these great and most beneficial establishments. While part of the members were studying the most inscrutable points of theology, others were employed in teaching babes and children the rudiments of useful knowledge; others as copyists, limners, carvers, workers in wood, and in stone, and in metal, and in trades and manufactures of every kind which the community required."—*Southey*, 'Book of the Church,' p. 37, Eng. ed.

14. "And therefore, whereas in earlier time these ministering beings were received by men with such signs of reverent salutation, as the inferior might well pay to the superior creature, as the examples of Manoah, and Daniel, if not of Joshua, declare; yet was similar submission refused by the Angel whom St. John beheld, because "I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book." So that now whatsoever has the character of worship is to pass through that one channel, which, through the human nature of the Eternal Word, has been opened to mankind. By God's presence was intended in former times whatever opportunity of intercourse was afforded through those earthly instruments of Mediation, which He was pleased to adopt as His temporary representatives among men. But now a new mode of Mediation has been substituted for all other conditions either of time or place."—'*Wilberforce on the Incarnation*,' p. 214.

15. The Beautiful is a manifestation of the Divine. Considered in itself, fitness or Unity is but its embodiment, while Love is its very essence. The causes, or the forms that we designate as beautiful, must be exterior to our consciousness; but Beauty itself is an internal light. For its perception, therefore, certain qualifications and conditions are necessary, corresponding to the nature of the thing to be perceived. Thus discord in the Soul (the thinking and loving Soul) is hostile to the appreciation of that, of which the primary condition is order and unity; and therefore, as the fallen and unenlightened Soul is the chaos and confusion of a once harmonious structure, so is it, of itself, incapable of attaining to the perception of Beauty. Now the Divine Faith is the only means for restoring the lost internal concord; and thus "the human consciousness, which otherwise and in itself is entirely a prey to discord, and split into irreconcilable contraries, is by faith, hope, and love, redeemed from dissention—is raised from its innate law, of an erring and dead thought, and of an absolute will, which is no less dead and null, being restored gradually to a perfect state of unison and harmony." Consequently, ever with the spread of Faith, has gone the exaltation of Art or the science of the Beautiful; and thus Art is, of necessity, the handmaid of Faith.

Moreover, in its moral effects, Faith is that which uproots from the spiritual existence discordant evil, and implants concordant good. And it was a great truth that the heathen Aristotle embodied in his 'indisputable proposition,' that Goodness is of the essence of the Beautiful. Moreover Plotinus, quoted by Coleridge, (Biog. Literar.,) remarks: "To direct the view aright, it behooves that the beholder should have made himself congenerous and similar to the object beheld. Never could the eye have beheld the sun, had not its own essence been soliform," (*that is, pre-configured to light by a similarity of essence with that of light,*) "neither can a soul not beautiful attain to an intuition of beauty." But as man, in life, cannot attain to perfection, so neither can he attain to the perfect knowledge of the perfectly Beautiful; although as Faith gives him intimations of a possible perfect goodness, so also does it of a perfect Beauty. Hence the standard of Art is ever above Nature, and is ideal. It is the *idea* of some subject or form that constitutes the essence of a work of art. As, for instance, in Sculpture, it is not any actual figure or the body itself that the Artist has in view. It is something supernatural—a realization of a something higher, more perfect, more sublime, than the form of man as it is. Is it not an attempt to realize—a yearning after—the perfect form of the perfect man, the unfallen Adam, the future 'glorified' body? And is it wrong to suppose that it was this majestic presence of the second Adam, the restorer of humanity, which could, when fully displayed, throw backward His enemies to the ground? And, therefore, as it is through Him that our nature may be perfected; so also it is the Light of His Faith that reveals to us the Beautiful. Again, in painting, even in professed copies from Nature, there is a peculiar and indescribable atmosphere, a rosy glow, thrown over the whole by the genius of the true Artist, which is nowhere to be found in Nature, and can only be supposed to be the anticipation and the intimation of a perfect Beauty, which hereafter, in a far higher degree. shall bless the eyes of the redeemed. Thus are Art and the life of the Soul related.

Moreover, especially as regards moral beauty, it does not seem to be too much to say, that not only a reception of faith, but of *the* Faith—the Catholic Faith—is necessary for its full development. For, in the individual character, it is that alone which can produce a perfect symmetry, a unity and oneness enshrining the Beautiful: and in the true philosophical survey of History—or the written character of masses—it is only from the same stand-point of this faith that its vast Oneness, its various workings together for good, and the wonderful providence of God, can be fully perceived.

Thus the harmonizing Faith, with its order and its goodness, is evidently necessary to the perception of the Beautiful; and the Beautiful is an angel witnessing of Faith to man. And thus the world is robed in a loveliness which is not properly its own, but flows from Him "who," according to St. Augustine, "out of His own Beauty makest all things fair."

16. "But now, such the spleen of the Council of Constance, as they not only cursed his memory, as dying an obstinate heretic, but ordered that his bones (with this charitable caution, "if it may be discerned from the bodies of other faithful people,") to be taken out of the ground, and thrown far off from any Christian burial."

"In obedience hereunto, Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, Diocesan of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a quick sight scent at a dead carcase) to ungrave him accordingly. To Lutterworth they come, Sumner, Commissary, Official, Chancellor, Proctors, Doctors, and the servants (so that the remnant of the body would not hold out a bone, amongst so many hands) take what was left out of the grave, and burnt them to ashes, and cast them into Swift, a neighboring brook running hard by. Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."—*Fuller*, vol. i. p. 493.

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17. "For Thou art God, ... whose Unity is the *mould* of all things; who out of Thy own Beauty makest all things fair, and orderest all things by Thy Law."—*St. Augustine*, 'Confessions,' B. i. 12.

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18. See Palmer's Treatise on the Church, vol. i. 191.

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19. "The same chief causes which divided the Eastern from the Western Churches, divided also the Western Church itself. It would seem as if the same causes of provocation, when they were baffled by the Greeks, fell with a more intolerable weight upon the west of Europe. The same exaggerated claim of universal jurisdiction was the cause of division in both cases."—*Manning's 'Unity of the Church,'* p. 295.

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